

The Messenger

"As the Truth is in Jesus."

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THE MESSENGER.

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Poetry.

HE LIVES.

Jesus my Redeemer lives,
Christ my trust is dead no more;
In the strength this knowledge gives
Shall not all my fears be o'er;
Calm, though death's long night be fraught
Still with many an anxious thought?

Jesus my Redeemer lives,
And His life I once shall see;
Bright the hope this promise gives,
Where He is I too shall be,
Shall I fear then? Can the Head
Rise and leave the members dead?

—Louisa Henrietta.

Electress of Brandenburg, 1653.

Communications.

For The Messenger.

NATURAL AND SPIRITUAL IN HOLY SCRIPTURE.

XII.

2. THE POWER OF THE WORD. Living from the life of the Lord, in the way we have seen—being in itself substance and not shadow, reality and not airy phantom or dream—truth of course can never be thought of rationally as without motion, action, force. That would be to think of the Word spoken of by St. John as something dead, and not living. It would be to contradict at once our blessed Lord Himself, where He tells us that His words are actual spirit and life; where He makes the whole mystery of His coming into the world, to consist in His bearing witness to the truth; where He proclaims Himself to be the way, the truth, and the life, and in that character the very presence of the otherwise unapproachable fullness of God, made nigh to us for our redemption and salvation (John vi. 63; xiii. 37; xiv. 6, 7).

All creation, all providence, all revelation and all redemption, are in this way embraced in the idea of truth. For they are by the Word of God; and that Word, ever proceeding from God, is just what truth means in its primordial sense. And of this universally, therefore, holds good what God Himself says of it: "My Word shall not return unto me void." On it, indeed, hangs forever the stability and continuance of all things, whether in heaven or on earth; according to that declaration of the Psalmist: "The counsel of the Lord standeth forever, the thoughts of His heart to all generations." Which itself again, I may say, is but a single echo of the voice of Jehovah Himself, sounding from the depths of eternity, as it were with ten thousand tongues, through all nature as well as through all divine revelation.

But we must away with the naturalistic hallucination, cost what it may, that the Word or truth of God, thus proceeding from the very being and life of God, works either in creation, providence, or revelation, in the way merely of outward command or fiat; as an earthly king, for example may make his authority felt thus outwardly in the laws of his kingdom. That would be to put creation, providence, and revelation alike, on the outside of God, and thus to annihilate them altogether. It is at best the huge error of deism, substituted for the everlasting truth

of theism. An error unscriptural in the highest degree, and at the same time no less unthinkable for all who have any power to think.

Truth or the Word of God, as it goes forth from the divine life in wisdom, providence, and revelation, carries along with itself, and in itself, the very essence of all the things which are brought to pass by it in these several spheres of existence; and having thus brought them to pass, it remains in them still, with the same inworking energy and power, just as long as they continue to exist. For is it not said: "In His hands are the deep places of the earth, and the strength of the hills is His also?" And are we not told, that "not a sparrow falleth to the ground without His notice?" And is it not written, that "by Him all things consist or hold together, and that in Him we live, move and have our being?"

And thus it is that the idea of God's Word, as truth, becomes at once indissolubly joined with the idea of God's Word as power; while this idea of power, at the same time, serves to fill out the idea of truth, in that living and substantive view of it that has been before described. We feel the full force of this just as soon, and so far as we get out of the mechanical notion of mere outward command in divine creation, and are brought to see that the creative Word is the divine itself going forth continually from God, and causing all things to be what they are, and as they are, through the ages. Then for magic, we have actually working life. And thus, immediately also, for the merely spectacular and notional, the sense of boundless irresistible strength.

The Bible as we all know, is full of this dynamic conception of truth. If the Word of God be in its view heavenly light; it is no less in its view power from on high. If it be illumination for the eye, it is no less awakening sound for the ear, and no less living voice also, able to communicate life to the dead. It is the arm of the Lord, the stretched-out hand of the Almighty.

Power completes itself through the ideas of order and law, by which we have again the only true conception of right. Without order and law it becomes for our thought chaotic, broken, fragmentary, blind, dark, and therefore in reality weak. The Word which goeth out of the mouth of God can never be that. It must be one and universal in all its particulars. The finite in it can never be parted at any point, even for a moment from the infinite. That means necessarily, that everything which it causes to exist can have truth and reality, only as it has its fixed place and action in the universe of things around it. So in the world of nature; and so no less also in the world of spirit or mind. That is divine order. There is in the case, we can easily see, a two-fold nexus. An order of reciprocal interdependence among co-existing things; and an order of derivative subordination among things in succession. By this last, we are to understand the relation of lower planes of existence to higher planes of existence, all ending upwardly in God; who is thus the omega, as He is also the Alpha, of all His works, whether of creation, providence, or redemption. In this order—itsself divine and necessary as the being of God Himself—all things natural, moral, and spiritual, consist or hold together (as St. Paul words it), and out of this order they perish. There only, at last, we have the conception of law; which itself then is also divine, and appears at once armed with divine majesty and power. With this comes again the conception of righteousness and right; in other words, the conception of rightness, or of being in right place as part of God's universe. The converse of which is being out of place, out of the universal order of things, in the violation of law, and so in a state of transgression or sin, sure to draw after it the penalty of such violation.

Order, as thus one with truth and righteousness, is indeed heaven's first law; "whose seat," it has been well said, "is no other than the bosom of God, and whose voice is the harmony of the universe."

All that has now been said of the power of God's Word—including in it these ideas of order and law—finds of course abundant exemplification in the natural world. The Bible is full of speech and description, which seem at first view to have no other purpose than to set forth the wonders of

creation and providence on the plane of nature, as objects of religious admiration for their own sake. And apart from the Bible, we find among men on all sides more or less sense of what is called natural religion in the same way. Men must be entirely brutish indeed not to feel the spiritual at least (even if they reject the divine) as something in nature more than the mere natural itself.

But here again it becomes necessary to repeat in the way of caution, what has been said before, with regard to the two great volumes of nature and revelation, and their common relation to the fulness of divine truth in our Lord Jesus Christ. The Word of God, spoken of by St. John, is in both these sacred volumes; but not co-ordinately; not as if they were on one and the same level of our Lord's glorious self-manifestation. Not, therefore, as separate and independent books, each equally near to the Word in its supreme sense, and each capable alike then of opening the way to the knowledge of that sense. Here, emphatically, must be observed the law of order, on which, as we have just seen, rest the pillars of God's universe. That order is: Christ in His glorified humanity first, as head over all things to His new creation in the Church; next, Revelation, which unfolds the living power of this new creation—the volume of the book written of Him which He came to fulfill to its utmost letter; and only then, finally, the constitution of Nature, made intelligible thus, in its lower ultimate degree, by the light of heaven flowing down into it from the Word Incarnate, through the Writer's Word.

To see and own the divine in nature then, cannot come of nature; as men are prone to imagine. It must descend from above. It means regeneration, or birth of the Spirit. And so there can be no real faith in a divine creation, or in divine providence, without faith in divine revelation. There may be religious sentiment, poetry, high talking science, naturalism, pantheism; but no communication with the spiritual world as that is in its own nature. There can come only by Jesus Christ.

Considering this, we may be very sure, therefore, that the great things which are spoken in the Bible of the power and glory of God's works in nature, are never to be taken after all as having their sense primarily in the mere natural world as such. They are not there, we may be very sure, for the purpose of natural religion. Revelation has to do wholly with God's Word on a higher plane; a plane, to which nature is immeasurably subordinate; and it cannot be thought of as stooping thus to mere nature in any principal view, without the subversion of the very idea which makes it to be revelation and not nature.

It is of divine revelation then, that is, of God's written Word or Law, that all the power attributed to truth under any view in the Bible, is to be understood; and this, not in any secondary or figurative sense, but in absolutely primary and essential sense! In many cases, the subordination of the natural to the spiritual, so far as this idea of power is concerned, is at once so clear as to be felt by all. It is an open parable, we may say, which proclaims directly its own sense. But the same sense extends in fact to the entire structure of Holy Scripture. All its utterances in regard to the mighty works of God in nature and history are a parable, in the same way, of spiritual and celestial things; and are sure to make themselves so felt by us, exactly in proportion as we come ourselves to stand in the sphere of God's Word, and are thus enabled to read it from the bosom of its own divine inspiration.

In such only right posture of Christian faith, for example, it needs no effort whatever to apply what is said of the voice of Jehovah in the 29th Psalm, to the victorious power of our Lord Jesus Christ, displayed by Him as the Word or truth of God in carrying forward the work of our human redemption. On the contrary, no real believer in the realness of that work can bear the thought of applying such language to any lower theme. Only in this view may it be sung with an inspiration, coming down to earth from heaven: "Give unto the Lord, O ye mighty, give unto the Lord glory and strength. Give unto the Lord the glory due unto His name; worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness. The voice of the Lord is upon the waters: the God of glory thundereth: the Lord is upon many waters. The voice of the Lord is powerful; the voice of the Lord is full of majesty."

Take another example. The passage of the Red Sea, and the triumphal song of the Israelites on its eastern shore. Here the whole historical occasion, we know, looked to Christ's coming redemption; and so then, of course, the song of triumph, though it could not be so understood by the Jews, must be regarded as having reference primarily to our Lord's most real combat with the powers of hell, and His consequent victory and glorification. It is the song of Moses in fact, exalted into the song of the Lamb. For of Him only may it be said: "Sing unto the Lord, for He hath triumphed

gloriously; the horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea. The Lord is a man of war; the Lord is His name. Thy right hand, O Lord, is become glorious in power; Thy right hand hath dashed in pieces the enemy. Who is like unto Thee, O Lord, among the gods? Who is like Thee, glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders?"

As we have it also in the 76th Psalm: "In Judah is God known; His name is great in Israel. In Salem also is His tabernacle, and His dwelling-place in Zion. There brake He the arrows of the bow, the shield, and the sword, and the battle. Thou art more glorious and excellent than the mountains of prey. The stout-hearted are spoiled, they have slept their sleep, and none of the men of might have found their hands. At thy rebuke, O God of Jacob, both the chariot and horse are cast into a dead sleep."

All such passages are to be understood of the power of God's Word, not as it works on the plane of nature, but as it is ever active in far higher form on the plane of Revelation.

To see at once what the Word is, as we now have it, in such higher view, we need only to fix our attention on the solemn promulgation of the Law from Mount Sinai, which must be regarded as the origin and nucleus of its whole subsequent constitution. Was the voice of the Lord, on this great occasion, active only in the natural wonders with which it was attended? And not full as much, or say rather a thousand times more, in the inward sense of the words themselves which were then spoken? And then again, if the words thus spoken might carry in them objectively the breath of the divine Speaker, who will dare to say that the same Words afterwards written with "the writing of God," might not carry in them objectively still, in that form also, the same divine spirit and breath to the end of time? But of this most difficult mystery, no more at present.

J. W. N.

For the Messenger.

WENDLING ON INGERSOLLISM.

Last May, during the sessions of General Synod at Lancaster, Pa., it was my privilege to spend several evenings at the residence of the venerable and beloved Dr. N. In one of our conversations, Mrs. N. suddenly exclaimed, "Mr. C. has that man Ingersoll been in the West yet delivering his lectures?" "Why yes, Mrs. N.," we replied, "Col. Ingersoll is a Western man, and we have long since become used to his atheistical revellings. In fact, I heard him deliver his famous lecture on 'The Gods' at his home in Peoria, Ills., over six years ago, and I wrote a review of the same at that time, as well as of his lecture on 'Tom Paine.' Eastern readers may have wondered then at the amount of attention shown Mr. Ingersoll in the columns of my little paper, but I presume they understand the matter better now." The lecture on "The Gods" was Ingersoll's masterpiece, and contains, in substance, all that he has since uttered against religion. Last night, after a lapse of just seven years, it was my privilege to listen to another Western man, an Illinois lawyer like Mr. Ingersoll, but one who stands up valiantly in defence of the religion which Mr. Ingersoll assails so fiercely.

Hon. George R. Wendling lectured in Columbus Junction, Iowa, on INGERSOLLISM. As the West, so-called, has scattered the poison, it is meet that it should furnish the antidote. As Ingersoll has gone forth from the heart of the great Mississippi valley, assailing and perverting the truths of Christianity and the history of the Church, so it is in accordance with the fitness of things, that from this great centre of the Republic a defender of the faith should come forth to meet and overcome the sophisms and blasphemies of Ingersollism. Mr. Wendling does this very effectively, and in a way that commands itself to every thinking and candid mind.

In his lecture last night, Mr. Wendling first exposed the sophisms and fallacies underlying the plausible and audacious harangues of Col. Ingersoll. He then portrayed in vivid colors the practical tendency of Ingersoll's views, especially upon the masses. Ingersollism means the annihilation of Conscience! Take conscience away and there remains but a few short steps to the Reign of Terror and the Commune. Every communist is an infidel or an atheist. Bismarck had recently felt himself constrained to banish a number of these atheistical communist leaders in order to preserve the peace and safety of the fatherland. Christianity is the great conservator of peace, of law, and order. A few dozen French and German communists, and a few thousand misguided workmen had almost paralyzed the nation not long since, and led men to call for a stronger government, a large standing army, &c. Amid the lurid flames of Pittsburg, we may see what the folly and madness of men will do, when the restraints of conscience and of Christianity are thrown aside.

Mr. Wendling showed very conclusive-

ly that human reason without the aid of the Bible, or special divine revelation, could not solve the problems of human existence or promote the cause of truth and morality. The ethical systems of the most gifted heathen sages were woefully defective. Polygamy, licentiousness, slavery, fraud, suicide, oppression, were all commended by the great philosophers of heathenism. One fundamental characteristic of Christianity in opposition to all forms of heathenism, is the fact that it does not tolerate the idea of *caste*, which is a synonym for cruelty, injustice and oppression. Christianity teaches the fatherhood of God and the universal brotherhood of man. It proclaims the equality and accountability of all men; a great day of reckoning when "all the uneven things of this most uneven world will be made even." It holds up before us in ineffable beauty the ideal man, the God-man, the perfect example of purity, truth and holiness, and confidently challenges the ages to point out the least flaw or speck in His moral character. With creeds and confessions, theologues, &c., Mr. Wendling said we have comparatively little concern so long as Christendom, with united heart and voice, bows before the incomprehensible mystery of the Incarnation and adores the person of the God-man.

The practical bearings of Christianity and Ingersollism on government, property, and home, were strikingly contrasted by Mr. Wendling. His appeal to business men and patriots on this point was very eloquent and effective. Bankers and merchants looked not for fidelity in the students of Darwin, Huxley, &c., or the followers of Ingersoll, as they do in the youth whose conscience has been made tender and true under the faithful training of a Christian mother. When the infamous Rand, whose soul is steeped in the guilt of everything horrible in the catalogue of crime, shouted to a vast crowd from behind his prison bars, "I am a Bob Ingersoll man," we all believed that he spoke the truth. Had he proclaimed himself a Christian man, everybody, including Mr. Ingersoll himself, would have denounced him as a liar and a hypocrite.

Ingersollism will accomplish good in the end, or be overruled for good, because it will compel the Church to enter upon a more intelligent and vigorous defence of the truth against atheism, "the assassin coward that goes stalking through the centuries."

Ingersollism and modern skepticism derive their strength and plausibility from the hypocrisy and bad conduct of multitudes of professing Christians. The Church must learn that every hypocrite or immoral professor is an infidel or Ingersoll man in disguise—an enemy in the camp of the Lord. A stricter discipline must be enforced and a closer obedience to the Christian be insisted upon on the part of professing Christians. At the same time outsiders should remember that it is only through Christ and the Bible that we are able to know and unmask the hypocrite. We need the Bible and the Church as business men and patriots. And when the shadow of death falls upon our hearthstones, as it has done, and will do again and again, can we think of finding consolation in the speculations or cavillings of infidels and atheists? Here is a test that reveals the merits of systems. Let death remove one of the loved ones from our embrace, could we stand by the new made grave of the dear departed and find comfort in the reading of Ingersoll's lecture on "The Gods?" There is mockery in the very thought. The teachings and consolations of Christianity we need for the affairs of life and amid the shadows of death.

The foregoing imperfect sketch will help the readers of the MESSENGER to form some idea of the drift and tenor of Mr. Wendling's arguments against Ingersollism. Mr. Wendling is a graceful and eloquent orator, and held the fixed attention of a very intelligent audience for two hours. His lecture is an effectual antidote for Ingersollism which has been scattered broadcast by lectures and books, and which prevails in latent form in many hearts and localities where Christian people least suspect it.

It is well that such champions as Wendling should meet Ingersoll on his own ground and unmask his atheism on the public rostrum where many persons are reached who hardly ever enter the sanctuary of the Lord. It is to be hoped that business men and patriots will give a candid hearing to the masterly argument of Mr. Wendling, and conscientiously follow it out in its practical conclusions. If the Bible and the Church, and if the Saviour, who is above all and in all the institutions of our holy religion, is so needful for the conservation of the best interests of humanity, should not all honest and noble-hearted men feel it their bounden duty to identify themselves with the cause of Christ? Is it practical infidelity to stand aloof from the covenant of grace and refuse practical submission to the claims of the Gospel. Such a position tends to debauch and destroy conscience, and hence runs sooner or later into Ingersollism, which, as Mr. Wendling so eloquently demonstrated, is the annihilation of conscience, and ends in anarchy or the destruction of government, property and home.

C. C.

March 11, 1879.

Family Reading.

LEAD THEM HOME.

Lord, we can trust Thee for our holy dead,
They, underneath the shadow of Thy tomb,
Have entered into peace: with bended head,
We thank Thee for their rest, and for our lightened gloom.

But, Lord, our living—who, on stormy seas
Of sin and sorrow, still are tempest-tossed!
Our dead have reached their haven, but for these—
Teach us to trust Thee, Lord, for these, our loved and lost!

For these we make our passion-prayer by night;
For these we cry to Thee through the long day.
We see them not, O keep them in Thy sight;
From them and us be Thou not very far away.

And if not home to us, yet lead them home
To where Thou standest at the heavenly gate;
That so, from Thee they shall not farther roam;
And grant us patient hearts Thy gathering time to wait.

—Sunday Magazine.

"HE WAS KNOWN OF THEM IN THE BREAKING OF BREAD."

If already the first Easter salutation of the eleven and they who were with them announce the certainty and the glory of the Saviour's resurrection, these both shine strikingly forth also in the narrative of the meeting of the disciples with the Lord on the road to Emmaus. These visitors of Emmaus, to whom are they not in a certain sense friends of early youth? and yet again, on the other side, to what Christian do they not become more familiar and more dear as years advance, as the entreaty, "Abide with us, for it is toward evening," sounds in our hearts more loudly? Yes, the Lord is risen indeed; we repeat this as often as we lend a listening ear to Cleophas and his companion, because either Luke's narrative must be genuine or such an invention would belong rather to the tribunal of a court of justice than to that of criticism. There is no other choice than either to receive this relation as that of a history deserving of all credit, or as a tissue of falsehoods, which is irreconcilable with the acknowledged moral character of the author. If we direct our eyes to the mode of thought, the language, the whole bearing of both the travelers, and then on the word and mode of acting of the Redeemer, the internal evidences of truth are multiplied, so that the Lord of life appears to meet us in almost every incident. "After that He appeared in another form unto two of them, as they walked and went into the country," so we read in

Mark (xvi. 12); but, in truth, that glance would be both dull and superficial, if in this other form it did not recognise immediately the self-same Lord the first fruits of them that slept, the best Guide of His people on the way of life. Yea, all these things form one harmonious history, that they may bring before our eyes a striking picture of what life would be without the living Christ, but through Him what it may be; nay, but moreover, what it must be if it be for Him.

Life without Christ, what is it but a long history of disappointment, disquietude, and fear, as that of which in the narrative and confession of Cleophas and his companion a single page reveals? Alas! what treasures of light and strength, of hope and consolation, would for suffering mankind, would for the Christian, sink into the grave if unbelief were right; and thenceforth it might be deemed conclusive, that the sealed tomb in Joseph's garden was not opened on the third morning! How unsatisfying would the declaration of the gospel be, if the preacher, almost as Peter spoke of David (Acts ii. 29), were forced to say of Jesus: "Let me freely speak unto you of this rabbi Jesus, the son of Joseph, that he is both dead and buried, and his sepulchre is with us unto this day!" How much they lose, who, though at an earlier period of life they may have thought more highly of this Jesus, yet now before that clouded vision His marvelous life-history ends with His solemn burial!

But, God be praised, none of us need any longer remain so miserable; and the experience of the travelers to Emmaus has once for all declared to us what life through Christ may become, and how much every heart desirous of salvation may ever find in the risen Saviour. Does He not still seek with equal pity the straying sheep? and was ever any backsliding too far to meet His question of compassion, "Why are ye sorrowful?" Does He not now hear with the same yearning tenderness the outpouring of the stream of our complaints, as on the first day of His rising? Does He not still enlighten through His word and Spirit the ignorant and slow of heart? and does He not rebuke in secret the wandering which is fatal to our soul's peace? Assuredly He still tries the faith, as on the day when with the journeyers to Emmaus "He made as though He would have gone farther;" but the entreaty, "Abide with us," finds still as kind assent as it did then: and when

His hour is come, He reveals Himself to the eyes of our spirit in the breaking of the tear-steeped bread of trial, as the Shepherd and Overseer of our souls, who lives to all eternity. Ah, if only our eyes were opened that we might know Him, and so incessantly gaze on Him, that He might nevermore go from our sight!

It becomes then also evident to us what the life for Him in His service and to His glory must be in conformity to that of these first disciples. The fervent heart, the unclosed eye, the ready feet of these faithful pilgrims, who yet late in the evening returned to the city, in order that their brethren might share their joy—these must not be wanting in any one who really can be said to have risen with Christ to new life. Lord, lead Thou us the way, and fulfil in us the word of promise: "If any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me."—Van Oosterzee.

HOME RELIGION.

Home religion is a thing of the heart—which is the same as saying it is a thing of love. It may exist in connection with forms; and it may exist in its sweetest unfolding, independent of forms. It may say grace at the table; and it may not say grace at the table. It may be gifted to sustain a family altar; and it may not have the gift requisite. But if the heart be right, there shall be grace and prayerfulness albeit forms be lacking in the family. There is a way of eating your foods which thanks God better than any formal grace-saying that can be devised. There is a way of kissing the wife after the meal and the husband is leaving for his office, which covers the whole ground between husband and wife intended to be covered by the influence of the family altar. We have known a man ask a blessing on food which he himself condemned in the very next breath. To thank God for food, and scold your wife or the cook in the next breath because the steak is overdone, or the cakes not browned to your suiting, or the tea too strong, is something more, friend, than impiety; it is indecency. Home religion should be loving first of all, and last of all it should be—loving. It should be very patient, too—especially on those days when it is hard to be patient. It should be cheerful, especially when it takes wit to invent occasions of mirthfulness. It should be brave, not to face the troubles that are without, but the troubles that are within. A kindly word, a pleasant speech, a cheerful or sympathetic look, a touch of the hand in the old tender fashion of the courting days, a stroking of the cheek and the soft movement of the palm over the hair—"Foolish tricks?" You are a fool if you say it, friend. You didn't think they were foolish tricks once, and you were wiser then than you are now that you have dropped them. A little more courting in married life would keep married life what courtship is. The foolishness of love is wiser than the wisdom of hate; and the more foolish you are in these directions, the happier will your homes be, and the sweeter will be your home religion.—Northwestern Christian Advocate.

THE "MERRY PURIM."

There is something very impressive, even from an antiquarian point of view, in the festivities and almsgiving of the Jews in their annual feast of Purim. Over two thousand years ago Mordecai, a Jew of independent bearing, incurred the enmity of Haman, who occupied a seat "above all the princes" that were with King Ahasuerus, and the latter was induced by him to condemn all the Jews in his dominions to death; but through the bravery of Esther the massacre was prevented, and Haman and his sons met the fate which his arrogance had led him to plan for the Jews. Of Mordecai, now in the king's favor, this simple record has come down: "And Mordecai wrote these things, and sent letters unto all the Jews that were in all the provinces of the King Ahasuerus, both nigh and far, to establish this among them, that they should keep the fourteenth day of the month Adar, and the fifteenth of the same, yearly, as the days wherein the Jews rested from their enemies, and the month which was turned unto them from sorrow to joy, and from mourning unto a good day; that they should make them days of feasting and joy, and of sending portions one to another, and gifts to the poor."

This injunction has been carried out to the letter. By Israelites the world over these two days are observed as faithfully as their religious days. One side of the Purim observance has fallen into disfavor. It was at first customary, during the reading of the Book of Esther on the eve of the fourteenth (that is the night before the fourteenth), to hiss and make other audible demonstrations of hate, whenever the name of Haman was pro-

nounced. The services in this regard are now more peacefully conducted in many synagogues; but the dramatic entertainments and feasts, and giving of presents, are remembered now as of old.

In this country the improved social condition of the Jews has somewhat modified or added to this joyous season by way of balls, and Purim parties and Purim calls. Even the less orthodox keep open house on this great feast, and do not forget presents and almsgiving. As an indication of the substantial amounts raised for public objects at this festival, it may be stated that the recent Purim festivities at the Academy of Music, New York, netted about \$10,000, which will be put to the credit of the Hebrew Free School Association.

The Jewish Messenger, in speaking of the spirit with which "Merry Purim" is now celebrated, says that it is the most popular festival among the Jews, "because it has no ceremonies save charity, no litany but benevolence." It is curious to note that if this broad feeling had obtained two thousand years ago, the deliverance of Mordecai and his race from an impending massacre would not have been followed by a massacre of the enemies of the Jews. However that may be, it is worth while to emphasize the fact that the "wonder of human charity" is springing like a fair flower from the ranks of the most persecuted and the most incorrigibly exclusive people on the earth. They stand among us an eloquent witness to the correctness of our Scriptures, both of what is recorded and of what is foretold; and it may be that this "Merry Purim" festival, which has no ceremonies save charity, and no litany save benevolence, will in our day do the work in breaking down class prejudices which in apostolic times required two distinct visions—one to Peter and one to Cornelius—to begin.—Examiner and Chronicle.

ANCESTORS' MANNERS AND FURNITURE.

Much as we hope for from the future, what just now jeopardizes our public and social welfare is not old, but young America.

Half a century ago there was among us a real respect for aged people, outside of the circle of near kinship. Boys and girls on the roadside were not ashamed to "make their manners" to their elders, who in turn, had the politeness to return their courteous thanks for this youthful civility. That was a good symptom of the social sentiment. But the movement of the spirit of the age has left this misty behind; and with this respectful feeling for those whose years and position entitle them to an honorable regard, has gone, to a perilous extent, the reverence of many for the authority of the parental rule, for the authority also of the State and the statute-book. It is very difficult to break down a proper habit of esteem for one object and not involve a weakening of respect for others. It is very difficult to bring up that lad into a trusty, law-abiding citizen, who has cultivated the vice of a contemptuous disregard for his elders and his betters. Sometimes there has been a servile difference to these, which is the leaning over of a virtue to the other side. That is not our danger. Now and then a passion for the antique is the fashion, and the hunt becomes ludicrous in its eagerness after almost anything which has an ancient look and odor. That is not to be laughed at as a folly except in its excess. But if, while we are polishing up and restoring these relics of our fathers' furniture and wardrobes with so much zest, we would revive, at the same time, and rethronize some of their sound and righteous principles of honor to whom honor is due, our dwellings and persons would not only receive adornment, but our land would be toned up with a return of stable, healthful, public sentiment, much needed to allay the fever and to purge off the impureness of our general social and civil life.—Sunday Afternoon.

POWER IN THE HUMAN VOICE.

In a recent discourse, Dr. Bartol spoke of the wonderful tones of Dr. Channing's voice. He said: "Channing was an insignificant figure, short and slender, about a hundred pounds of flesh during the last years of his life being the garment and instrument of this mighty soul. In the desk, however, he was of commanding height. Where was the hiding-place of that marvelous voice? one of the three most eloquent, says Emerson, that he ever heard. He spoke with an habitual rising inflection rather than cadence, which seemed to raise every listener to the skies; soft yet audible, melting yet resonant, clear when it whispered, and clarion when it rang. He told me that with speaking for many years new tones had been developed in his voice. One day at his home an unbeliever complained of Christ's denunciation of the Pharisees as too severe. Channing got the book, turned to the

passage, and read the 'Woe upon woe!' in his way, so solemn, gracious and calm. 'Oh,' said the infidel, before the recitation stopped, 'if He spoke in that tone, my objection is withdrawn.' Henry Clay's voice was called a band of music, Webster's was a trumpet, Channing's a harp."

THE SNOWDROP.

"Dear little flower! dost thou not fear
To venture forth this dreary day?
Thou shouldst have slumbered snug and warm
Till Winter storms have passed away.

"Thou art so delicately fair,
So sweet, so tender and so pure!
Thou look'st as if thy fairy form
A Summer breeze could scarce endure.

"Thy lovely sisters sleeping lie,
And will not wake till sunshine smiles;
Nor will they leave their Mother's breast
Till coaxed by Spring-time's merry wiles.

"Then wherefore dost thou lonely brave
The biting blast, the chilling rain?
Thou hast no pleasure in a life,
Quoth I, "that must be full of pain."

The snowdrop raised her dainty head
And looked at me, and seemed to smile—
"Who art thou that thus vainly tries
From Duty's path me to beguile?"

"Dost thou not know we must obey
Unquestioning, the Chief's command?
It is not ours to choose our lot;
Our destinies are in His hand.

"And if He hath ordained that I
Shall bloom alone, when days are drear,
Shall I refuse to do His will,
From sinful sloth or foolish fear?"

"Nay! Rather shall I do my best
To serve my Maker as I may;
And duty done for His name's sake,
Shall brighten e'en the darkest day."

Dear little flower! I thank thee for
The grand example thou hast set;
The lesson thou hast taught to me,
I pray I never may forget.

—Chambers' Journal.

ABOUT CURTAINS.

Who that looks from his window in the early morning, and sees the filmy drapery of the clouds floating back from the face of the sun; or watches the night settle like a curtain over earth, can fail to be impressed with the beauty of design, as expressed in Isaiah, "He stretcheth out the heavens as a curtain, and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in;" or, "He covereth Himself with light as with a garment, and stretcheth out the heavens like a curtain."

When the All-Father created this home for His children, He was not content that we should have a mere place in which to dwell, but with true artistic taste He gathered the waters in His hand, and "bound them into clouds," as drapery to the earth, as if, of that which was most ethereal and elusive, He formed curtains behind which He might hide his glory and His majesty; then He made man in His own image, with similar tastes and abilities, only less in degree, and said to him, "Fashion homes with your own hands. Let them be creations from your mind, as this world was of mine, and think it not a small thing that beauty must be considered, for beauty is eternal."

How poorly we have obeyed these words is seen by the homes in which we dwell, where esthetics have little or no space. Few of us realize that they bear the same relation to us that this earth-world does to its Maker, an expression of our character, and as clouds form the drapery of the one, so do curtains of the other. Home-makers are mothers and wives, not upholsterers and mechanics. To make a home attractive and beautiful, it is not necessary that large expenditures of money be made, but it is imperative that a part of ourselves in taste, or labor, enter into these things.

In Washington we find Mary Clemmer, of tireless brains and fingers, whose pen delights a continent, surrounded by an ideal home, whose windows are draped by dreamy textures, whose ruffles, yards upon yards were hemmed by those busy fingers. A lady writing of these said: "I find Mary Clemmer in a home full of beautiful things, but nothing equals her curtains, for they are a part of herself."

Again we read in the lives of the Cary sisters of the draperies over arch and windows, until we admire the Alice Cary of her home even more than the Alice Cary of song. It is because we retain a spark within that is still true to its Creator, that this is so, and to-day we might appoint a committee, and send them up and down Chicago's streets to find which of all her children have the most delightful home, and they would tell us, not of her wealthiest and most palatial, but of some most obscure, and many we have never heard of in social columns, whose homes are a paradise of cheer and delight, and in almost every case we should discover the power of curtains.

In New York is a great brown stone

house before whose windows hang exquisite dreams of lace, every thread of which is of the finest wrought by human hand. What is the effect? Wretched. From without they simply hang—hang without grace or beauty; from within they appear soft without character; rich without taste. Around the corner, in a two story brick, there is displayed such exquisite taste that no one enters its walls without a throb of genuine delight. In the one case there is a wealth that can purchase all things external, in the other a creative power of perfect taste that can make that which cannot be purchased.

Curtains to be perfect must express purity, harmony, or a sense of shade and always gracefulness. Where a room is dark and sunless, it is above all things necessary that the drapery be light and ethereal. Where the rooms are very sunny a most beautiful effect is produced by having heavy draperies, like cool shadows, looped back from the falling film of dotted Swiss or lace within. It is not necessary that these heavier draperies should be brocade or even reps. A very artistic curtain can be made of neutral tints of cotton flannel, with a two-inch hem, brightened by an insertion of guipure or cluny over scarlet just above it, and this again relieved by several rows of narrow scarlet alpaca braid connected by old-fashioned "cat stitch." Lambrequins are intended as a sort of shade effect of a window; hence should always be heavy. Lace lambrequins are not intended to be used simply unlined over plain shades, but should be lined and interlined. The lining should be of color to harmonize with the room.

The French style of arranging curtains is effective and inexpensive. A daughter of one of the prominent Chancellors of an Eastern State said that when she reached Paris, and saw their beautiful muslin curtains, and noticed that heavy lace draperies were left for dress-makers' and milliners' rooms, she was impatient to come home and take down her father's curtains.

Few wives are so busy that with a little perseverance they could not brighten and vivify their homes by new curtains if they so desired, and in nine cases out of ten the most beautiful effect will be produced from those most inexpensive and easily made.—Advance.

Useful Hints and Recipes.

STEAMED CORN BREAD.—Two cups sifted corn meal, one cup of flour, two cups of buttermilk, one cup of sweet milk, one egg, one teaspoonful of saleratus, and one heaping tablespoonful of sugar, or two tablespoonsful of molasses. Steam three and a half hours. Take common cove oyster cans with one end taken off neatly. Fill them two-thirds full and set them in the steamer.

FRIED POTATOES WITH EGGS.—Slice cold boiled potatoes and fry in good butter until brown; beat up one or two eggs and stir into them just as you dish them for table. Do not leave them a moment on the fire after the eggs are in, as if they harden they are not half so nice. One egg is enough for three or four persons, unless they are very fond of potatoes; if they are, have plenty and put in two.

TO COOK BEANS.—The usual way people cook beans is to parboil them, put them in a kettle or pan, set them in the oven to bake with a piece of fat pork in them. The grease oozes out into the beans, causing a most unwholesome and indigestible mass, destroying the flavor of the beans. The method for cooking them (which all who have tried pronounce excellent) is as follows: Parboil as usual, salt to suit the taste, then put them in a pan and place in the oven to bake, putting in a piece of good sweet butter—the size of a butter nut will answer. Bake until tender and nicely browned on top. Beans are very nutritious, and cooked in this way are palatable, digestible, and can be eaten by any one. If you want the pork, cook it in a dish by itself.

TO MAKE A MEAT PIE SO THE OVEN WILL NOT GET THE JUICE.—With a biscuit crust—roll thin, line the sides of your baking pan or dish. Turn a teaspoon down in the centre of the pan; this will hold the juice. Make a stew of your meat; cut in small pieces into a saucepan or kettle on the stove, with sufficient water for the gravy; season; have potatoes cut in thin slices. Then put in a layer of meat, then of potatoes, and so on until your pan is two-thirds full. Pour in the juice, sprinkle a little flour, keep the cup in its place, putting meat around it. Roll out the remainder of the dough, cutting gashes for the escape of steam; wet the edges of the crust so that they will adhere; put pie in oven. You must not have the oven too hot at first, or the top will brown too soon. If the crust browns too soon, turn another pan over it. When you cut the pie put the point of the knife under the edge of the cup, and the gravy will come out.

Miscellaneous.

THORNS OR ROSES?

BY CHARLOTTE M. PACKARD.

In the quaint and faded vesture
Of the legends wrought of old
Lurks many a tender blossom
Which the fingers of time unfold.

And back to the dusty highway
Of breathing and busy men
A perfume of sweetness wanders—
The Truth is alive again.

Saint Benedict, pure of spirit,
Who chastened the shrinking flesh,
That so in his mortal body
All sin might be slain afresh,

Once planted a cruel thicket
Of jagged and bristling thorns,
Then cast himself to its torment,
As one who the body scorns.

If ever the flesh grew fairer,
Or his spirit rose to light
Through a heaven bought by penance,
Let him who can answer write!

Saint Francis ages after
By the sacred Thorn-bush prayed;
Then planted a hedge of Roses,
All trusting and unafraid.

The Thorns have vanished from the grateful
plain;
The Roses of Saint Francis still remain.
—Independent.

SOME INTERESTING DATES.

Dates are generally dry reading; but there is sometimes a significance in the mere grouping of dates; and the reader will find such significance in an attentive consideration of the following events all occurring, he will observe, within the limits of a little over a century: Post-offices were first established in 1464; printed musical notes were first used in 1473; watches were first constructed in 1476; America was discovered in 1492; the first printing press was set up at Copenhagen in 1493; Copernicus announced his discovery of the true system of the universe in 1517; Luther was summoned before the diet of Worms in 1521; Xavier, the first great missionary of modern Christianity, planted the cross in India in 1526; Albert Durer gave the world a prophecy of future wood engraving in 1527; Jergens set the spinning-wheel in motion in 1530, the germ of all the busy wheels and looms of ten thousand future factories. Henry VIII., of England finally and forever broke with the pope in 1532; Ignatius Loyola founded the order of Jesuits in 1535; Calvin founded the university of Geneva in 1537; modern needles first came into use in 1545; the first knives were used in England, and the first wheeled carriages in France in 1559; Torquato Tasso wrote in 1560; religious liberty was granted to the Huguenots in France in 1562, and was followed by the massacre of St. Bartholomew in 1572; Cervantes wrote Don Quixote in 1573; the first newspaper was published in England in 1588; telescopes were invented in 1590; Spencer, Shakespeare, Bacon, Kepler, Tycho Brahe were contemporaries in 1590—these are some of the more important head-lands of European history within a single century.

SMELT FISHING IN MAINE.

On the coast of Maine smelt visit the rivers about the 20th of December and remain almost all winter. For about two months they take the hook readily, and are caught in considerable numbers through holes cut in the ice. Formerly, on cold days, it was very severe fishing, without shelter, except by piling up cakes of ice, evergreen boughs, etc. Last winter one of the fishermen made a canvas tent, and it proved so comfortable that it has now become the universal custom to fish in them. There was last winter on the ice, above the bridges, two villages of these canvas houses much resembling an Indian encampment in winter quarters. A light wooden frame, with a sharp roof, is put together, and the whole covered with light canvas or cotton cloth. In some instances the covering is painted, the better to resist the piercing northwest winds. The ordinary tent is about six feet square; occasionally one is larger, for two persons. The interior is provided with a stove, and a bench on which the angler sits while fishing. The whole rests upon runners and can be easily moved from place to place.

When the fisherman reaches the grounds he cuts a hole through the ice, places his tent over the same, builds up a fire, closes the door, drops his line through the hole and waits for a bite. Each man uses four lines. They have two kinds of fish gear—the file sinker and the triangle. The former is for tent fishing, and the latter for out of door fishing. The file sinker is made of lead, about the size and shape of an ordinary three-cornered file. A common mack-

erel line is made fast to one end of the sinker, while from the other depends a snell of colored line, six inches in length to which a hook is attached. The advantage of the file sinker is that the tide causes it to cut and sheer about, thus keeping the bait in motion. The triangle gear is made of wire, the line fastened at the centre, while two hooks depend, one from either end of the wire, which is bent into a triangle. The bait used in this vicinity is the clam worm, which is found in the clam flats. The upper end of the line is fastened to a rack above the fisherman's head, while the hook is from six to ten feet below the surface. The fisherman sits on his bench beside the stove and patiently waits for fish to bite. There is not much skill in this kind of angling, for when a smelt once takes the hook the motion of the line conveys the fact to the fisherman, and he hauls him in. The fish bite better on cold, stormy days, the recent heavy storm being the best day of the season thus far. From ten to fifteen pounds are a fair day's work for one man. They sell in the Belfast market for five cents per pound. The wages made are not large, but the fish are caught at a time when there is little else for the fisherman to do. The tents are comfortable and homelike; the men are jolly, singing and shouting from one end to another. Wishing to change his position, the angler hauls in his lines, moves his tent to another portion of the ice field, cuts a hole through the frozen surface, and tries his luck there. Those from the city pass the entire day upon the ice, taking their dinners along, which are eaten in the tent, the tea or coffee being warmed upon the stove. Tents are added daily, and before the season closes there are fifty or more upon the ice.

GOSSIP ON RUBIES.

The ruby is so called from its red color. Like the sapphire and the oriental topaz, it belongs to the class styled corundum, the members of which are alike in composition, though different in color and in quality. The true ruby, or red sapphire, is the most valuable of gems when of large size, good color and free from fault, exceeding even the diamond in value. It is harder than any other known substance except the diamond, which alone among precious stones it will not cut. It is susceptible of electricity by friction, and retains it for some hours; it also possesses double refraction in a slight degree. The finest rubies are found in Ava, Siam and Pegu; others are found in India, Ceylon, Brazil, Australia, Borneo, Sumatra, and some places on the continent of Europe. It is, unfortunately, beyond the power of ordinary chasers to pronounce any critical opinion upon rubies, except as regards their appearance, size and color, the best color being that known as pigeon's blood, which is a pure, deep, rich red, quite free from blue or yellow.

Apocryphal of the value of the ruby, the rare occurrence of the desired vivid pigeon's blood color of any size causes the price to increase in an even greater proportion than is the case with the diamond. For stones of the finest quality in London: 1 carat is worth £14 to £20; 1½, £25 to £35; 2, £70 to £80; 3, £200 to £250; 4, £400 to £450. Under one carat the price ranges from two to eight pounds per carat, and over four carats what is called a fancy price is commanded. After all, perhaps, it may have been truly said of rubies in general that when they exceed one carat in weight no definite price can be given as a guide to the purchaser. When a perfect ruby of five carats is brought into the market a sum several times as great as that offered for a diamond of the same weight will be bid for it: if it reaches seven carats, it is almost invaluable. Yet rubies of much larger size are in existence. An Indian prince had one of near twenty-four carats, and it was bought for one hundred and fifty-six pound weight of gold. Catherine, of Russia, had in her crown a ruby as large as a pigeon's egg; and there is said to have been one in Paris which weighed one hundred and six and a half carats. That of Catherine appears to be still in the Russian treasury. Others might be mentioned, especially that among the French crown jewels, which is cut into the form of a dragon with outspread wings. The finest specimens, of course, are the monopoly of princes and persons with princely fortunes. Even these may, nevertheless, be sometimes deceived, for we are told that two large stones shown as rubies among her Majesty's jewels at the exhibition of 1862 are simply spinels, and, therefore, neither rare nor precious. Imitations of the ruby are made, and, for a time, look well, and even real rubies of small size have been produced artificially. The ruby may be set either alone or in groups, or in conjunction with other precious stones. Few jewels have a more admirable appearance than those in which a large

ruby is surrounded by diamonds. When set round with pearls of fine quality the effect is also admirable, though some object to it, as they say the red of the rubies detracts from the more quiet lustre of the pearls. We do not think they look so well in connection with the emerald, the sapphire or other colored gems.—*Home Journal*.

THE CAMEL.

At what era men first enlisted the camel into their service it is impossible to guess; but that it was a very early period is plain from the fact that six thousand camels formed a part of the wealth with which the patient patriarch was rewarded after his terrible trial. From the East, the useful beast found its way to Europe. In the sixth century the treasure of Mummolus was carried by its means from Bordeaux to Convennes; and when Clotair made Brunichild a prisoner he ordered her to be carried through the army on camel-back, before she was handed over to the executioner.

The Moors, during their rule in Grenada, introduced the camel into Spain; but the East was always the real land of the camels, the peculiarities of the animal being specially adapted for the vast deserts for which that quarter of the globe is famous.

"To carry men and merchandise across the arid waste, an animal was needed at once speedy, untiring, sure-footed and capable of subsisting where vegetation was scanty and water scarce; all these qualifications are combined in the camel. The pads of its spreading feet, divided into toes without being externally separated, prevent it sinking in the sand, over which it moves so noiselessly that it has been poetically and appropriately termed 'the ship of the desert.' The callosities on the flexures of the limbs and chest, upon which the animal rests as it kneels to receive its load, prevent the skin from cracking from contact with the hot sand. The nostrils closing at will exclude the burning grains when the simoon sweeps across the desert; while the peculiar construction of the stomach enables him to go without water for seven, or even in extreme cases, as many as fifteen days, and even to be the salvation of a thirsty caravan. In the latter case the poor beast is sacrificed, his stomach opened, and the contents strained through a cloth. He is apt to drink greedily after a long abstinence, but in the season when the dew falls, hardly cares to drink at all. He is as easily satisfied in the way of eating, delighting in the tough plants he passes in his march, which his strong nipper-like teeth masticate with comfort. These good qualities are not however unalloyed. The camel is liable to slip in sloppy places and disjoint his hips; bears cold and wet weather but ill; and has so little recuperative power that, when laid aside, he generally succumbs altogether, and is left to jackal and vulture. Even if he should recover, he becomes a poor weak object, piteous to behold, a burden to himself, and of little use to his master. Although the camel is a teetotaler, he sometimes gets intoxicated by indulging in dates after drinking, when fermentation takes place in the stomach. Another peculiarity of the living ship no traveler can speak of with patience, while he emphatically endorses the advice of one who writes: 'In hot weather pitch your tent as far as possible from your camels, and, if there be a breeze, to the windward.'—*Chambers' Journal*.

SANITARY RULES IN MECCA.

Great precautions have been taken to cleanse the Valley of Mea at Mecca, where the pilgrims spend three days offering sacrifices. There are thirteen slaughter-houses, ninety pits separated from each other, into which are thrown the remains of the sacrifices, and five pits for the offal. The eighteen cisterns have been emptied of the water of last year and filled with a fresh supply. The pilgrims' lodgings were all cleansed before their arrival, and five hundred men appointed to go around with baskets to gather all refuse and to collect the remains and offal of the slaughtered sheep, and seventy-three men to bury them, first in unslaked lime, and then in earth. One hundred men were also appointed to cleanse the lodgings of the pilgrims after their return from the Valley to Mecca, where all the dwellings would be found cleansed for their reception. The immense numbers of sheep sacrificed at this feast by the Mohammedans remind one of the Jewish sacrifices in Jerusalem. Some years one hundred thousand sheep are slaughtered, and until the recent sanitary rules were enforced by the Sultan, the reeking, festering remains of the victims polluted the air for miles and bred pestilence among the pilgrims. It is contrary to the fatalistic doctrines of Islam to submit to such precautions, but the military power of the Sultan compels obedience.

Selections.

To rule one's spirit is the first step under God toward ruling one's destiny.

An ingenuous mind feels in unmerited praise the bitterest reproof.—*Boswell*.

Truth is the foundation of all knowledge, and the cement of all societies.—*Dryden*.

The greatest difficulties are always found where we are not looking for them.—*Goethe*.

Some sinners repent with an unbroken heart. They are sorry, and yet go on, as did Pilate and Herod.

If the way to heaven be narrow, it is not long; and if the gate be strait, it opens into endless life.—*Bishop Beveridge*.

God, who prepares His work through ages, accomplishes it, when the hour is come, with the feeblest instruments.—*D'Aubigne*.

Oh, how sweet are God's precepts, when we read them not alone in books, but also in the precious wounds of the Saviour.—*Luther*.

The dew and rich showers of God's grace slide on the mountains of pride, and fall on the low valleys of humble hearts, and make them pleasant and fertile.—*Leighton*.

Men will not forever fight about mere memories. He is wisest who leaves the dead to bury their dead, and who follows the Master into the new fields of present duty.—*Governor Woodford*.

Pray modestly, as to the things of this life; earnestly for what may be helps to your salvation; intensely for salvation itself, that you may ever behold God, love God. Practise in life whatever you pray for, and God will give it you more abundantly.—*Dr. Pusey*.

Science and Art.

A submarine plant growing in the North Pacific Ocean is said to dwarf all vegetable products yet known by its prodigious proportions. It grows sometimes to such a size as to cover vast areas of sea-bed, one specimen having been discovered that occupied by measurement three square miles, while the stem was eight feet thick.

AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVES IN SWITZERLAND.—The Department of State has received a despatch from the American Consul at Geneva, giving an account of the test trial of the first American locomotive ever seen in Switzerland. The locomotive, weighing with its tender forty tons, was constructed by the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company upon a new system, intended to combine great power with remarkable saving in fuel. The locomotive was on exhibition at the Paris Exposition, and has been tested on several French railways with remarkable success. The experiments in Switzerland have demonstrated a saving of 18 per centum in the consumption of fuel—a matter of great importance in that country of dear fuel, and the most lively satisfaction at the result attained was expressed by Swiss railroad men. This locomotive will be taken to Italy for like experiments. In the same report the consul notes the continuing growing popularity of the American anthracite coal in Geneva, the private residents having begun to purchase it as well as the manufacturers. The future demands for this coal, in the opinion of the consul, need only be limited by the means and facilities of transportation.

SUBSTITUTE FOR STAINED GLASS.—A beautiful and inexpensive substitute for stained glass, recently invented, is attracting public attention, and is likely to come into use as general as decorative painting, when people cannot afford the luxury of carved stone and wood, or of real frescoes.

Sheets of thin, tough paper, manufactured for the purpose, are colored in the designs, which are used in stained glass, and which may be multiplied indefinitely. These are applied to the panes of windows with the cheap paste used for postage stamps, and then varnished over. We see that this invention is being utilized in the sky-lights of prominent stores, and in the private residences of gentlemen, and thus far it has given great satisfaction. We mention the fact, because in almost every house there is at least one window, which needs to be screened or beautified by a modified light, and people will be glad to find something to relieve them from the inevitable and awkward curtain. But it is in churches especially that this new discovery will be of avail, and it is as a suggestion to them that we pen the result of what has come under our observation. The new discovery is said to be superior to stained glass, in that it is not likely to throw prismatic rays upon objects. The material, we are told, can be sent by mail or express, with very little cost, and the work may be done by any one with ordinary care.

BABYHOOD OF MACHINERY.—About three weeks ago Professor Kennedy, of London, delivered a lecture on "The Babyhood of Machinery." He considered the fire drill, which is still in use among savage races, as probably the oldest implement in the world. From this drill, used to produce fire by friction, the boring drill was a simple development, as strings had only to be added. Of course, when the properties of the metals were ascertained, iron or some other metal would be substituted for the wooden or bone bit. The bow-handle hand lathe was a mere adaptation of the boring drill. As civilization advanced, and the manufacture of pottery passed from the hands of the women to those of the men, mechanical ingenuity would be called into play to expedite the production of household utensils, and the potter's wheel—the next oldest machine—would be brought into existence. The lever was necessarily also a very ancient appliance. The lecturer held that the conversion of reciprocal or to-and-fro motion into rotary or continuous circular motion was secured only in modern times. Thibet and Egypt claim the honor of being the first countries to furnish examples of circular motion. In the former country a water-wheel was employed to turn a prayer mill—a sort of drum having a prayer on its outer or convex side. But the Egyptians had, at a period equally remote, turned the water-wheel to much better account in irrigating their fields.

HOW THE WEBS IN OPTICAL INSTRUMENTS ARE OBTAINED.—Mr. M. Matthew Williams, in a recent lecture before the London Society of Arts, thus described the method of procuring the webs or fine hair-lines used in telescopes: In the autumn the mathematical instrument-maker goes on his spider hunting

expedition, generally on Sundays. He carries some pill-boxes in his pocket, selects well-fed, full-grown specimens, and puts each in a separate box, knowing the savage habits of his six-legged friends; for, if two or more were put together in the same box, only a collection of amputated limbs and mangled bodies would be found on returning home. The webs are secured for use and storage by making a fork of iron wire, four or five inches long, and one and a half to two inches between the bifurcations. The spider is held in the left hand, and allowed to drop, which he readily does when dissatisfied with his quarters, but before falling he glues an end of cord to the finger, and then lets himself down easily by gradually spinning it out and hanging by it as it lengthens. The instrument-maker catches this cord across his fork, and by turning attaches it to one side; then he goes on turning the fork and advancing it, so that as the spider continues paying out his cable, a series of obliquely-crossing threads are wound upon the fork, which, when charged, is carefully laid in a box or drawer for use. The elasticity of the iron wire keeps the webs sufficiently stretched, and they are applied to the "stop" by simply laying the fork over it in such wise that one of the stretched webs shall fall upon the mark made on its face. When thus in position a drop of varnish or glue, dissolving shellac in alcohol, is let fall upon each side, the spirit rapidly evaporates and the web is fixed.

Personal.

James Russell Lowell has been granted a leave of absence from Madrid, and will visit his home at Cambridge during the summer.

Rev. Dr. John Hall, of New York, is lecturing to the theological seminary at Marquand Chapel, New Haven, on "The Pastor and his Work."

Archbishop Purcell is in very bad health. Of late he has been subject to fainting spells, one of which attacked him on Monday, and, by some, serious results are feared. His advanced years make his financial troubles harder to bear.

Rev. Geo. Morrison has published a card in the Baltimore *Presbyterian Weekly*, of which he is the founder, announcing his withdrawal from responsible connection with that paper. He will still be a contributor, but devote most of his time to pastoral work in Harford county, Maryland.

By his last will, dated September 30th, 1870, Dr. De Koven bequeathed to the trustees of Racine College \$38,645.50, in cash securities, together with his library. To his relatives, he bequeathed certain legacies, making Mrs. Margaret M. Casey residuary legatee. The will says: "I leave to all my dear relations, whom I dearly love, my blessing, and the assurance of my unceasing gratitude for all the love and kindness they have shown me. To all my old boys and students, and to all my beloved professors and teachers, I leave the assurance of my love and prayers, and ask of them the same." Mr. John De Koven, Dr. De Koven's brother, is the executor.

Books and Periodicals.

THE BURNING OF CHAMBERSBURG, JULY 30, '64.—A Poem, by Saml. R. Fisher, D. D. Phila.: Reformed Church Pub. Bd., 907 Arch St.

This little book, in its neat and modest dress, is entitled to a much more extended notice than our limits afford. With no pretences to sentimentality, and no attempt at delicate wording, it is a powerful realistic and graphic description of one of the saddest episodes, and certainly the most shameful outrage of the war of the Great Rebellion.

The notes are exceedingly valuable, and can be relied upon as absolutely correct. We have read the Poem twice over, and with renewed interest. The well-known coolness and impartiality of Dr. Fisher give a rare importance to his statements; for the author speaks with knowledge, as well as dispassionately, and can truly say: "quorum magna pars fui." J. K. S.

SUNDAY, THE TRUE AND ONLY CHRISTIAN SABBATH.—A lecture delivered in Opera Hall, Rochester, Ind., by Rev. S. F. Hershey. Tiffin, Ohio: E. R. Good & Bro., Publishers. 1879.

An earnest plea by one whose heart seems to be enlisted in the subject.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE for the week ending April 12th, contains the following: "Godwin and Shelley," *Cornhill Magazine*; "A Doubting Heart," by the author of "Castle Daly," *Advance Sheets*; "Novelists," *Blackwood's Magazine*; "On the Position and Influence of Women in Ancient Greece," *Contemporary Review*; "The Bride's Pass," *Advance Sheets*; "Mr. Ruskin's Society," *Spectator*; "Professor Clifford," *Examiner*. Poetry: "Horace's Ghost" and "The Sea's Answer."

Published by Littell & Co., Boston.

THE LUTHERAN QUARTERLY, as will be seen from the subjoined table of contents, presents some live subjects: Art in Its Relation to Worship in the Lutheran Church; Evolution: Shall it be Atheistic? Preachers' Sons; Origin and History of Premillennialism; The Lutheran Church between the Potomac and the Rio Grande; Historical Sketch of Our India Mission; The Doctrine of the Lord's Supper; Literary Intelligence, and Notices of New Publications.

FRANK LESLIE'S SUNDAY MAGAZINE FOR MAY.—Among the papers in this number the following are worthy of especial mention: "The Ainos of Northern Japan," by Rev. William Elliot Griffis. The author is beyond question our best authority for everything which pertains to Japan. "Culture," by Mrs. Elizabeth L. Brooks, is a thoughtful paper, which amply merits thoughtful perusal. Hon. S. S. Cox has pronounced a glowing eulogy upon the late Joseph Henry, which the readers of the Magazine will be glad to see reproduced in its pages. As the serial "David Fleming's Forgiveness," approaches its close the interest steadily increases. "Forecastle Jack," by Frank H. Converse, calls attention to a class of people whose true character and relations deserve more consideration than they have as yet received. "Uncle John Vassar," by H. A. Seyguern, is a fitting tribute to a man whose praise is deservedly in all the churches. In the lively sketch of "A Syrian Law-suit," Rev. Dr. Jessup, of Beyrout, gives a graphic picture of the modes of procedure in Mohammedan law-courts. "The Prayer of the Moslem" by August Locher, is timely and instructive. The capital articles, "A Wonderful Cat," "Beauty and the Beast," and "Jerry's Housekeeping," are an evidence of what the Magazine proposes to do for its juvenile readers. Among the poems in this Number, "The Legend of the Windows," by Luther D. Bradley, is of very unusual merit. In the brief paper on "Barbara Heck," the founder of Methodism in America, mention is almost incidentally made that the first Methodist preaching on this continent was held in the very street, and possibly on the very spot now occupied by the offices of the SUNDAY MAGAZINE. The topic of the Editor's monthly sermon is, "Jesus, our Martyr King." Besides the "Popular Exegesis," of some difficult passages in Scripture, Dr. Deems discourses editorially upon "Archbishop Purcell's Case," "Protestantism in Rome," "Professor Tyndall," and "Common People." Under the general heading of "At Home and Abroad," is given a full resume of the most important items of religious intelligence from all parts of the world. The miscellaneous papers of this number present the accustomed variety of topics.

The Messenger.

REV. P. S. DAVIS, D. D., EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

REV. S. R. FISHER, D. D.,
REV. T. J. BARKLEY,
REV. A. R. KREMER,
Synodical Editors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. Communications on practical subjects and items of intelligence relating to the Church, are solicited. Persons who forward communications should not write anything pertaining to the business of the office on the back of their communications, but on a separate slip—or, if on the same sheet, in such a way, that it can be separated from the communication, without affecting it.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the return of unaccepted manuscripts.

For Terms, see First page.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 16, 1879.

THE RESURRECTION AT THE LAST DAY.

It is reported that a professor in the University of Stuttgart announces his conclusion, "that the soul of man is a special form of albumen which constitutes an aura that may rise above the threshold of consciousness, but, on the other hand, sink so low, as to become offensive, as in some animals and negroes." That kind of talk may be called philosophy, but it will not authenticate itself, either as plain reasoning or as revealed truth. We did not know at first whether to put the above deliverance among our pleasantries, or make it the subject of a serious article. It reminds us, in some respects, of a hit given by the *Harvard Lampoon*, which makes precocious Jack, aged ten, say, "I trust, Tommy, that you believe in the non-essentiality of a pre-existent first cause," to which Tommy answers, "Oh certainly. At least I go no farther back than the primordial atomic globe."

Both of these expressions, taken from different sources, are representative in their character,—the one, perhaps, a grave conclusion of a metaphysical reasoner, the other, a bit of irony which holds to ridicule those who believe in an invisible atom, and yet have no faith in the infinite God. The Stuttgart professor may be an exponent of refined materialism, which reduces the soul to matter, and makes it subject to the laws of matter under the sinful constitution of the world. We do not propose to discuss the subject, but simply to present the above, as indicating a tendency of modern thought. Whether the soul be material or immaterial, was a question raised, but not answered, by the schoolmen, and whether allowing its entire spirituality it may not, for that reason, come under what may be termed the curse of greater deterioration and decay, is not to our purpose. We do not think we are in any great danger from that direction at this time. The disposition of men to drag that which is higher down to that which is lower, has largely expended itself, and a new tendency has set in, namely, that toward general gnosticism, which resolves man's whole being into a myth in the hope of getting rid of an externality that seems to limit and oppress it.

Take, for instance, the current of men's thoughts in regard to the resurrection of the body, which, since the foundation of the Christian Church, has been held as a fact of creed. The question asked now in regard to the saints, is much the same as that asked in the time of Paul: "How will they arise, and with what body will they come forth?" And because the apostle spoke of a spiritual body, and said it was impossible for flesh and blood to inherit the kingdom of God, men are disposed to drift into the idea, that what is material instead of being rescued by the power of Christ is to be sloughed off, and left under the dominion of corruption as an irredeemable thing. We do not know how much that is now regarded as being part of our bodies may be a substance foreign to their original constitution, nay, how much of it may be filth under the form of disease; we do not know what mysterious processes may be going on in the Christian in this life—whether the informing Spirit may not be externalizing itself in a form that will rise superior to all the excrescence that may attach itself to our present state, but it is certain that this will come to its true consummation by a resurgent power that will raise it from the grave, and that the revelation of this power will be made

at the last day. The clear, unmistakable fact of the general resurrection when Christ shall come and all who are in their graves shall hear His voice and come forth, can never be surrendered in safety. This will be a resurrection of the body, as identical and recognizable as that in which our Redeemer came forth from the newly hewn sepulchre of the Arimathean. Yet this article of universal faith is in danger. It made a narrow escape from rejection in the Reformed Assembly of France a few years ago, and it is held loosely now by those who wish to anticipate God's plans, and imagine they can find greater comfort in the thought that departed friends come immediately at death to the full manifestation of the sons of God.

DEATH OF REV. CHRISTIAN BERENTZ.

This venerable father in the Christian ministry, fell asleep in Jesus at his residence in Grandview, Washington County, Ohio, on the 23rd of March, in the eighty-fifth year of his age. He was a native of Baltimore, Md., and was licensed to preach the Gospel by the Synod of the Reformed Church in the United States, at its annual sessions held in Lebanon, Pa., commencing on the 27th of September, 1829. On Friday evening, October the 2nd, at the close of the sessions, he was solemnly ordained to the work of the ministry along with the Rev. Isaac Schellhammer, the Rev. Dr. J. C. Becker, preaching the sermon on the occasion.

He first had charge of a single congregation at Johnstown, Cambria County, Pa. In 1833 his charge embraced three additional congregations located in Bedford and Huntingdon counties, after which he resided at Coffee Run, Huntingdon County, Pa. Another congregation was added to his charge the following year. In 1842 he removed to Hillsboro, Highland County, Ohio. After laboring here a few years, he removed to Grandview, where he resided until his death occurred. After his location at the latter place, as far as we can learn from the data at hand, he had no regular charge, but still continued to preach the gospel, as occasion would offer, and at sundry times would make extensive missionary tours through the West.

His funeral took place on the 25th of March. The services were conducted by the Rev. G. W. Athey, of a sister denomination, who preached a sermon based on Num. xxiii: 10. "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like His." A large concourse of people were present.

Mr. Berentz was married to Miss Harriet Oaks of Somerset County, Pa., on the 11th of September, 1828, who still survives. He left besides his widow, ten children, to mourn his departure. Only four of the children, however, were able to be present at his funeral. His latter end is represented as having been peaceful and happy.

DID CHRIST ESTABLISH A CHURCH?

Whatever differences may exist in our Church, we think that all our ministers and people will agree to disagree from the views presented by a contributor to the *Methodist*, as there are set forth in an article which we give this week among the extracts from our exchanges. The long and short of the argument is, that if our Lord Jesus established a Church at all, it must be the Church of the papacy. This theory supported by miserable logic, not only sweeps nearly every Protestant author into the Papal ranks, but gives up the whole question to Rome. It might with equal consistency, yield up the Divinity of our Lord, because that has been contended for, on the same grounds, by Romanists and Protestants.

The idea that He, who brought a new life into the world, introduced nothing to make the Church new, is of itself the newest thought we have heard of for some time. Did God ever establish a Church at all, and if He did so at the beginning of the Old Testament dispensation, was the Church after the time of our Saviour, a mere natural development without the introduction of a new factor from above? To assert this is simply to adopt the view of Strauss, who

ignored the Divine Constitution of Christ's person, and made Him a mere ideal product of Jewish thought and imagination.

Nothing can be more preposterous than to say in the face of the Bible, and of organized Christianity, that there is no such thing as a New Testament Church. The universal priesthood of believers, is not inconsistent with the fact, that our Saviour gave some apostles; and some prophets; and some evangelists; and some pastors and teachers, for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, and for the edifying of His Body. The whole Christian ministry is swept away by any other thought, and Protestantism is not ready to accept the alternative presented by our contemporary. Time was, when the No-Church theory prevailed, but not so now. Men feel that to yield the Church to the Papacy, is to concede the gifts, governments, administrations and powers which the Head of the Church bestowed upon men, when He ascended up on high, and that this will help Rome and be disastrous to the truth.

We do not know whether the writer, against whom we are uttering this protest, will admit that there ever was an Old Testament Church. But if he admits that there was one, which is merely developed, without changes through that which Christ has fulfilled and supplied, thus rendering some things no longer necessary, he gives more ground for the Roman priesthood with its ceremonies and repeated sacrifices, than those who hold the decided faith of Protestants, that there is a New Testament Church; for it is upon the Old rather than the New, that the whole Catholic ritual is based.

THE STONE ROLLED AWAY.

The question of the three female disciples of Jesus: "Who shall roll away the stone from the door of the sepulchre?" has been among all nations, and still remains, the great symbol of all the sighs of humanity in its longing for revelation of immortality.

The wise men and philosophers of the heathen world readily dreamed of a life beyond the grave. But, lo! when immortality seemed to be one of the discovered mysteries, just then the huge rock was encountered, on which was wrecked all the hope of a future life. And so the earnest longing and bitter disappointment were repeated in every succeeding generation. The sad cry came and rose above the din of earth's busy tumult: Who shall remove the stone that holds, in the dark prison of uncertainty and death, the answer to the question, Will man live beyond the grave? Many and great were the works of human energy and genius; the monuments and evidences of man's physical and intellectual power were visible everywhere among civilized nations; stupendous were the obstacles that yielded everywhere to his sovereign will: and yet he could not open the sealed rock that hid the glory of eternal life from his longing search. There was nothing in man—nothing in nature, nor in human discovery—that could unveil the mystery of life, or the fact itself of life beyond the limits of time. For all that man can do, the rock, whose inscription is death only, with no intimation of life, must remain forever in its position to mock and frown upon every attempt to look beyond the dark prison-house, whose entrance it closes against all human intrusion. There was no power in philosophic heathenism to penetrate beyond the limits of man's earthly life.

In the case of Judaism it was different; at least, the Jews had in their doctrine the creed of the resurrection. Therefore the sect of Sadducees were accounted heretics. Yet how poorly their faith in that cardinal mystery stood the only true test. Neither could they remove the stone from the sepulchre. They possessed only the written revelation of immortality, and not the living revelation itself as an historical fact. They stoutly maintained the truth, but were not prepared to accept its glorious realization. But the apostles and other true disciples, should not they have known something more than merely the literal and abstract doctrine of a resur-

rection and future life, since they sat at the feet of Him, who declared to them plainly that He would die and rise again the third day? No, not even they with the psalms and writings of the prophets verified by the great Master Himself—not even they could break open the vault of the dead Christ, by a faith that yields not to rocks or mountains. That power of faith they did not yet have, that which alone overcomes the world and overturns its castles and strongholds of doubt.

The sealed rock teaches us, then, that nature, with all her laboratories laid open, nor a merely written or spoken revelation, can open to the heart of man the bright vision of a resurrection unto life.

But the stone rolled away symbolizes and proves the glorious fact of immortality brought to light.

Philosophy had reached its limit on the question of a future life; men had utterly failed in so apprehending the truth of the written divine revelation as not to have doubt; and now the world's great Champion and last Hope lies prostrate in the tomb, whose massive door is kept by an imperial guard. But what of all that now? Without the use of any earthly force, in contempt of royal authority and seals, the great stone rolls away at the touch of the rising Lord, who now stands forth the Conqueror of death and hell. Immortality is brought to light; life triumphs over death; the world's Redeemer and new Creator, who was dead, is alive again, as the First-born from the dead, and the First-fruits of them that slept; and the question of the ages—"Who shall roll away the stone?"—is answered, and the answer comes from the risen and exalted Christ: "I am he that liveth, and was dead; and behold, I am alive forevermore, Amen; and have the keys of death and of hell." And so the stone rolled away speaks no longer of death, but of life. It marks the limit of human doubt, and preaches, in eloquent silence, the gospel of the resurrection. K.

MISSION PUBLICATION FUND.

The Board of Publication is frequently asked to make donations to mission and impecunious Sunday-Schools, and sometimes mutterings of complaint are heard because the request is not cheerfully acceded to. The example of the Publication Houses of other religious denominations is referred to, and comparisons unfavorable to our own drawn therefrom. No one feels a stronger sympathy for mission and weak Sunday-Schools than do those who preside over our publication operations, and none are more anxiously disposed to do all in their power for their relief and help. Situated, however, as they are, they are wholly unable to furnish the aid solicited.

Our Publication Board has no funds to fall back upon to supply the wants of the poor and the needy, as is the case with the publication houses of other denominations, with whose doings invidious and disparaging comparisons are made. As far back as our memory carries us, one of the several objects for which the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church has ordered an annual collection to be taken up in their churches, is the Mission Fund of the Publication Board. This collection is continued unto the present day. Even during the pressure in the finances of the country, we have observed, that the monthly acknowledgment of contributions made to this fund, reaches nearly two thousand dollars.

When a mission or poor school makes application for a donation of books, a number of books bearing in value a certain proportion to the amount advanced by the school itself, is given to the school, the cost of which is covered by the Mission Fund, to which we have referred. In these circumstances, it is an easy matter for such Publication Boards to make such appropriations. In other denominations also, besides the Presbyterian Church, a similar system of operations prevails.

We have long felt that we ought to have something of the same nature introduced into our own publication oper-

ations as a Church. Mission and poor Sunday-Schools should receive assistance. They often greatly need it, and the interests of the cause, demand that it should be given them. Now, who will move in this matter? Who will remember the Publication Board in this regard in their wills? Or, still better, who will move in the matter by direct contribution to such a fund? It ought to be created, and be in the constant receipt of contributions. Until this be the case, the Publication Board cannot act efficiently in the way of aiding mission and poor Sunday-Schools. The object is certainly a most worthy one, and those who will move efficiently in the matter will assuredly do the most towards furthering the best of causes. Shall not something be done in this direction without further delay? We pause for a practical answer. F.

EASTER INGATHERINGS.

Under this general heading, we wish to furnish our readers with the results of the Easter communions in our several churches. For this purpose we shall be much obliged to our pastors, if they will send us a brief account of their ingatherings in connection with the present festive season, at as early a day as possible. It is not necessary that they give us an elaborate account of the decorations of their churches, or the particulars of every service. To publish all these would take up more room than we can give to this department, and as they do not generally vary much in different congregations, it occasions much repetition. It is results we want, and these we would be glad to receive from all quarters. F.

Notes and Quotes.

It is stated that "local preachers" are called for from a new direction. The Church of England cannot find hands enough for the work that is to be done. And a proposition is made for "ordaining and licensing fit persons as deacons, without requiring them to give up their ordinary callings."

Another denomination is announced as having been organized in the roomy State of Texas. Five Cumberland Presbyterian ministers have constituted a new organization to be called "The Temple of the Coming Lord." The exchange from which we clip this suggests that such a name should insure a prayerful attention to the seventh chapter of Jeremiah.

One of our city dailies speaks of the building put up by a life insurance company, as an imposing structure. It cost \$140,000, not including the ground upon which it stands. Built of stones from a distance; some of the walls seven feet thick; lintels of all the doors and all the wainscoting of the President's room of polished granite—the whole structure massive and at the same time ornate in appearance. Very imposing on policy holders, whose premiums are increased or dividends reduced to keep up such poor paying investments.

The London *Punch* had a good cartoon some months ago. Two little children were playing with a large Newfoundland dog, named Chimborazo. A diminutive spaniel appeared in the distance, and the children, for fear it would be eaten up, ran quickly to wag Chimborazo's tail. That illustrates the way some men now-a-days hope and seek to heal difficulties in State and Church. Persons are to be appeased; but the inward disposition of Chimborazo is not taken into account, and yet that is the very evil to be cured.

It is reported upon apparent authority that up to February 1, 1879, 6,392,460 copies of the Moody and Sankey hymn-books have been sold in this country. In England the sales of the "Gospel Hymns No. 1," have reached 7,000,000. Some of these hymns, such as "Hold the Fort," have been omitted in the later collections, but the influence this music has had has been vast. The old adage, that the man who is allowed to

[The prices here given are wholesale.]	
Flour, Wheat, Superfine.....	\$2.50 @ 2.75
" Extra Family.....	3.25 @ 3.75
" Fancy.....	4.75 @ 7.00
Rye.....	2.75 @ 2.85
Corn meal.....	2.50 @ 2.75
Buckwheat meal.....	1.10 @
GRAIN. Wheat, White.....	1.14 @ 1.15
" Red.....	1.13 @ 1.15
Rye.....	67 @ 58
Corn, Yellow.....	43 @
" White.....	42 @
Oats.....	31 @ 35
Barley two rowed.....	60 @
GROCERIES. Sugar, Cuba.....	64 @
" Refined cut loaf.....	9 @
" " crushed.....	8 1/2 @
" " powdered.....	8 1/2 @
" " granulated.....	8 1/2 @
" " A.....	8 1/2 @
Coffee, Rio.....gold.....	10 @ 1
" Maracibo.....gold.....	13 @
" Laguayra.....gold.....	14 1/2 @ 1
" Java.....gold.....	24 @
PROVISIONS. Mess Pork.....	10 37 @
Dried Beef.....	13 @
Sugar cured Hams.....	9 @
Lard.....	6 1/2 @
Butter, Roll extra.....	11 @
Butter, Roll Common.....	8 @
" Prints, extra.....	23 @
" " Common.....	18 @
" Grease.....	3 @
Eggs.....	13 1/2 @
SEEDS. Clover.....	5 00 @ 5 50
Timothy.....	1.35 @
Flax.....	1.42 @
PLASTER. White.....	3.00 @
Blue.....	2.50 @

Youth's Department.

"LOOK UNDER THE DEAD LEAVES AND YOU'LL FIND FLOWERS."

Beneath the dry and withered leaves,
On the hillside gray and bare,
We find the pale arbutus flowers,
All dewy wet with April showers,
Dewy and sweet and fair.

Unseen their beauty 'neath the leaves,
Till the eager outstretched hand
Removes the leafy canopy,
Then lowly clustering, we spy
Blossoms—a fragrant band.

A rough exterior often hides
From the gaze of passers-by,
A heart of truest, purest worth;
A noble soul of heavenly birth,
Fragrant—its ministry.

But when we search beneath the leaves—
The forbidding, rude disguise—
We find the blossoms fair and sweet;
We find a soul for glory meet,
Which underneath them lies.

—Zion's Advocate.

THE MAID OF NORWAY.

BY MRS. M. T. W. CURWEN.

Eighty years ago two stone-masons were repairing the cathedral of St. Magnus, in Kirkwall, the chief town of the Orkney Islands. Observing a seam in one of the stone piers of the choir, they opened it, and found an oaken coffin blackened by time and standing upright.

Upon the lid the single word "Margaret" could with difficulty be deciphered.

Within this ancient casket, wrapped in a rich pall, were the bones of a child. The relics were restored to their original place, and they are believed to be the remains of the "Maid of Norway."

Who was this Margaret?

She was the only child of King Eric, of Norway; grand-daughter of Alexander III., King of Scotland, and betrothed to the first Prince of Wales. Her mother, niece of that tall English warrior, Edward I., died at her birth, leaving little Margaret heiress of two thrones, Scotland and Norway. The English crown she was expected also to wear.

Little Maid Margaret lived in the most forbidding of her two kingdoms, rugged Norway. Ragnhild, her foster-mother, was her country-woman, and carefully she guarded the beautiful, but delicate child—her motherless Queen. In her strong arms the little one was often carried along the shore. Early she learned to play with the bright lichens that carpet the rocks, and to gather the reindeer moss which spreads its silver mantle over those frosty meadows where no greener grass will grow. From infancy the Princess was familiar as any peasant maiden with the out-door life of her native country. She heard the whistling swans above her head come rushing like a storm from her mother's land, and clapped her tiny hands in glee as their wild music floated down from mid-heaven. She laughed at the spectacled geese waddling with clumsy dignity along the beach, and, with merry sarcasm, she called them "papa's courtiers."

How tedious the days of State appeared to the little maid, when she must drop her toys and remain by her father for an hour. She loved to sit on the cushion of eider-down and wear a splendid dress; but she disliked to bow and bow to the fine ladies and gentlemen who filled the hall.

She was far happier at the "Bird Islands" near the shore, where the eider-ducks build nests in the rocks. They were called St. Cuthbert's birds, and it was thought a sin to kill them because the saint had given them "his blessing of peace." When the sea was smooth Margaret was often rowed to one of these islands. It was uninhabited, but, as the rocking waves sometimes made the fragile Princess sick, a house was built for her, so that when the wind sprang up she could stay there till the water grew calm. The birds all knew her, and when she fed them flew about as fearlessly as chickens in a barn-yard. At this wild island home her nurse, with one or two attendants, was always near to sing her songs or tell her stories. With the sound of the waves and the fluttering of wild fowl for accompaniment, she repeated strange sagas or chanted verses of old Norse scalds.

"Look at those blessed mother-birds, my little lady," said Ragnhild one day. "I have seen them tear the down from their own breasts to line their nests. When men steal away the soft lining the dear birds strip their breasts again. What will not a mother do for her child?"

"Margaret has no mother," said the little Princess, gravely.

"My little Queen, I would pluck out my heart for my foster-child," said the faithful creature.

"Then I will call you my eider-duck mamma," said the child caressingly.

The little Princess looked upon Nature even as her nurse bade her. Her blue eyes dilated with wonder as she listened to stories of the Kraaken—the great sea-serpent. She watched the line of breakers toward the setting sun, and believed his huge tail was lashing the ocean into foam. Storms fascinated the child. She loved to peer into their gloom. She trembled to see amid the lightning flashes the ghostly forms of the awful witch-wives tying the wind into knots. When those knots were loosened she was certain in her child-heart that hurricanes would crash through the forests and fling ships upon the rocks.

Nurse Ragnhild knew, too, all the stories of the Giant Horseman who was turned to stone and set to watch the Norwegian coast. She could tell the history of the Seven Sisters standing with their heads in the clouds and the feet in the sea. The Princess Margaret heard these wild tales as English children listen to the fables of Jack the Giant Killer, and the havoc he made among the giants in Wales and Cornwall.

Her future crown cast no shadow over the child. She rarely thought about the lands over which she must some time reign. But in September, 1290, a foreign vessel anchored at Trodhem. She had come from Scotland bringing a band of noblemen to the court of King Eric, claiming her as their Queen. Since the stormy night when Alexander III. was thrown from his horse and found dead at the foot of King's Crag, his little Norwegian grand-daughter had been their rightful sovereign; and now they had come to swear allegiance and conduct her to the throne.

"I don't want to be a Queen," said the little one, weeping bitterly at the thought of leaving her father and her friends.

One of the noblemen who had come to carry her away was Sir Michael Scott. Strange stories were told of him. It was said that he had learned in Oriental lands magical secrets, could compel the genii to obey him, and by their aid cleave mountains and bridge roaring torrents in a night. This fearful man was tall. He wore the robe of an Eastern astrologer. His beard, white as foam, reached to his waist. His piercing eye read men's hearts; and when he fixed it upon little Margaret she was constrained to listen to his words.

He spoke gently:

"Why, little maiden, do you shrink from your subjects? Why dread our goodly land?"

"I am afraid," said the trembling child. "The thistles you brought me are like needles in my fingers."

"Those are spears and for our enemies!" replied the sage. "They did good service to your mother's nation once! The Danes were stealing upon our camp when one of the invaders stepped with naked foot upon this little watchman of ours. His outcry roused and saved our army. But see! the thistle's heart is soft as eider-down—soft as the fairy curtain the Persian worm weaves round himself before he sleeps, to wake with angel wings. And in our land the heather covers the hills, and the glow of rosy dawn remains all day upon them. A warm welcome waits my Queen in the land where her mother was once a bonnie lassie, and the whole nation waits now for the princess whose rule will be love."

The child could not be comforted; but alas! it was decided, even by her father, for State reasons, that she belonged to Scotland. With Ragnhild and a few faithful followers, the little Queen was taken to the vessel. It had been fitted

up as luxuriously as was possible at that day. Her father and some of his nobles accompanied her down the Calne Fiord. Father and daughter sailed together through the quiet water, which is shut in by the Archipelago called the "Garden of Rocks." They looked back upon the hills of deep red stone, the groves of fir-trees surrounding the capital, and the walls and towers of the child's native home grew dim before their eyes. Margaret buried her head in the lap of her nurse, and every splash of the oar was echoed in her heart. Already she felt exiled and forlorn.

Among the gifts brought by the ambassadors to the Queen was a rich mantle embroidered with a wreath of thistles, in the centre of which was wrought a golden crown. A couch of down was made upon the deck beneath a canopy of banners, and this regal mantle was spread over the little lady as she lay upon it. She seemed to be a fairy queen holding a mimic court, all were so reverent and gentle.

The ship sailed quietly until it passed the rocks of "Skerry Circle," that form a breakwater against the angry ocean. The days were fair. A golden glow lay all night upon the water. The strangers tried to interest the homesick child. They told her wonderful stories. They pictured to her the beauty of the palace where she was to live. Ragnhild never left her side.

A storm arose and the little Princess grew faint and ill. The sea rolled roughly, and Margaret felt a heart-sick longing for the nest in the rocks on her dear "Bird Island." Michael Scott might command the spirits of the earth and air, but those of the sea were beyond his control. The fragile child seemed utterly prostrated. A faint streak of blood tinged her lips.

The grim captain was alarmed for the life of his charge. He had seen the battle-field when heaps of dead hid the grass, and the streams were red with blood; but it did not seem to him so sad as the sight of this innocent life ebbing away in the midst of the stormy ocean. Strong men wept aloud. With breaking hearts the attendants stood by the helpless child.

"Steer to the nearest port!" cried Michael Scott. "The Queen is sinking! The Hope of Scotland must not perish!"

The coast of the Orkneys appeared through the gloomy atmosphere. With all her speed the clumsy vessel made for that northern shore, and anchored among the wild cliffs that jutted far into the sea. Carefully the sailors bore the child to shore.

"Cheer up, my birdie," said her distracted nurse, "you are in your mother's land! See, it is like your own Norway—our very same eider-fowl are waiting for us in the rocks. Stay, stay, my darling, with your eider-duck mamma!"

The child smiled faintly and put her arms around her nurse. She did not see the dripping rocks, nor hear the breakers that clamored and reached out their arms to take back their prey. With one look of deep love the little life went out, and the baby Queen passed to that country where there is no more sea.

With a wail of despair her attendants threw themselves upon the sand. The weather-beaten sailors uncovered their heads as Michael, the far-seeing, rose to his full height against the leaden sky. His hands were lifted towards heaven, his beard gleamed like snow, and his long robe swayed in the wind. The waves seemed to hush their sobbing, as with a harsh but impressive voice, he uttered this requiem over the dead:

"Scotland! your Queen lies dead upon your threshold. On the coast of Odin's land a rainbow gleamed for a moment. Now thick clouds cover the sky, and the storm will burst upon the islands of the sea."

"Margaret of Norway is dead! The All-Destroyer has struck the maiden's hand, and the white flag of Peace lies in the dust. War unfurls his red banner. The raven and the wolf gather to the feast carved by the blue swords. The life-blood of kings and nobles reddens the plains."

"Margaret of Norway is dead! Wait no more, young Prince of the South, to

kiss your bride while Scotch and English shields hang upon the wall. The flower has faded before you pressed it to your breast. Now the battle-axe will kiss the helmet, and spears will speed to pierce hearts through coats of mail.

"Margaret of Norway is dead! I see the Stone of Destiny—it is planted on an English rock. The Lion of the North holds the sceptre, and the thistle binds his brow. But ages of war—oceans of blood—surge between, for our pearl of Peace is lost in the sea—

"Margaret of Norway is dead!"

The Scottish statesmen cared not for the child, but for the Queen; and now that their mission had failed, the lifeless little body on the sand was no more to them than a sea-weed cast upon the shore.

Sir Michael wrapped the frail form in the rich mantle and left it to the care of the Norwegians. The Scottish chiefs entered the ship and hurried to the capital, where with wreaths of flowers and waving flags, with music and festivals and pealing bells, the nation was preparing to welcome its Queen.

Princess Margaret had no mother to keep her grave and memory green; and the great peoples were probably so occupied with fighting, even as Sir Michael had foretold, that the little maid and her burial-place were soon forgotten.

The savage leaders in Scotland had promised to live in peace with each other, and had agreed that "a little child should lead them." Now that she was dead the competitors for her crown fought as do wild animals over their prey.

Fierce English Edward had hoped to win Scotland quietly with a marriage ring; but Scotland he had resolved to have, and his wars were cruel. He took away the crown, the sceptre, the precious Coronation Stone; he hung the noble patriot Wallace, placed his head on London bridge, sent the quarters of his body on spikes to four cities; and, in token of his everlasting hate, ordered the inscription carved upon his own tomb: "*Edward I., the Hammer of the Scots.*"

Then brave Robert Bruce arose to redeem his land. Defeated, discouraged, concealed in an Irish hut, he was lifted from despair by a spider's thread; and every Scotchman steps more proudly, every Scotchman's blood tingles in his veins, when he thinks of Bannockburn!

But still, as Sir Michael had foretold, there were wars and rumors of wars throughout the land. Scotland groaned with despair when the sod of Flodden drank the life-blood of her bravest king and the noblest of his subjects. For three centuries the nations lost and won at the awful game of war. At last, after an English queen had sent a Scotch one to the scaffold, the son of the murdered monarch reigned over both countries.

Perhaps the world would have been saved all these miseries had the little Maid of Norway lived.

A perfumed violet was laid in a book and forgotten. After many years an antiquarian took down the worm-eaten volume and found the pressed and faded flower, which told him of its former youth and beauty. So, by an accident, the last resting-place of this unfortunate Princess was brought to light. Margaret of Norway, who might have changed the course of the stream of history, living, was the hope of three nations—dying, had no epitaph.—*Wide Awake.*

THE YOUNG MAN AND NOAH'S ARK.

A young man, who had been a drunken, blaspheming, fighting man, reckless of all considerations of right, stumbled, accidentally, as he supposed at the time, but providentially as the results proved, into a prayer-meeting. As he entered, the leader of the meeting was reading the account of the Flood and the deliverance of Noah and his family so safely housed in the ark. "And the Lord shut them in," were the words that fell upon the young man's ears as he took his seat. "And the rest of the world were shut out," something seemed to say to him; and then he thought of the day when the storm of God's wrath against sin should fall on all not safe in the spiritual ark, the Lord Jesus Christ. He remembered his past life, so crowded

with sin, and it seemed to him as though the door of mercy were already closed against him. "*Outside, Outside,*" everything around him seemed to say; but God had not forsaken him—mercy was in store for him. He sought pardon through the blood of the atoning Lamb, and found it.

For The Messenger.

IN MEMORIAM.*

Dear father, we shall sadly miss you
From this earthly home below,
Though we know you are in heaven,
Where all God's children long to go.

You have filled our home with sunshine,
When the dark clouds overhung,
You have brought us many a pleasure
With the kind words on your tongue.

But now your form lies silently
In the cold and silent grave;
But, with joy, we shall remember
The loving smiles you ever gave.

Though you now are taken from us,
And from this your earthly home;
Yet we know you are in heaven
Singing gladly 'round God's throne.

And we know that we shall meet you
In those heavenly realms above,
Where there shall be no more weeping,
And where all is peace and love.

FANNIE.

* The above lines were written by Miss Fannie Albright, aged fifteen years, after the death of her father, the Rev. G. M. Albright, which took place February 22. G. H. F.

HOSPITALITY.

One day Tom rushed into the kitchen crying out, "Mother, mother, there is an old woman down in the road sitting on a log; shall I set Pompey on her?"

"Set Pompey on her!" said his sister, "what for?"

"Oh! because," answered Tom, looking a little ashamed, "because—perhaps she is a thief."

"Go out, Esther, and see if the poor woman wants anything. Perhaps she's tired with a hard day's travel among the mountains," said the mother.

Esther ran down the green, and, peeping through the gate, saw the woman resting under the shade of the oak trees.

"Should you like anything?" asked Esther.

"Thank you," said the old woman; "I should be very thankful for a drink of water."

Esther scampered back to the house and soon procured some cold water from the well, and hastened with it to the poor traveler.

"I thank you," she said, after drinking. "It tastes very good. Do you know what the Lord Jesus once said about a cup of cold water?"

Esther was silent.

"I'll tell you. He said, 'Whosoever shall give to one of His people a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, he shall in nowise lose his reward.' May the Lord Himself bless you, little girl, as I am sure I do."

And a happy feeling stole into the young child's bosom at the old woman's words, for the blessing of the poor was upon her.

Pleasantries.

The dairy-maid pensively milked the goat,
And pointing she paused to mutter:
"I wish you brute you would turn to milk,"
And the animal turned to butt her.

The druggist is laying in paregoric by the gallon, and chuckling to himself as he thinks how near is the green-apple and water melon season.

Facetious Youth (to shop-girl): "I suppose you have all kinds of ties here, Miss?" Shop-girl: "Yes, I believe we have, Sir. What kind would you like to see?" Facetious Youth (winking to his sweetheart): "Could you supply me with a pigstye?" Shop-girl: "With pleasure, Sir. Just hold down your head and I'll take your measure."

The Burlington *Hawkeye* says: "The women in Kansas vote at the school election. At a recent election at Osage City one woman went up to vote, but before she got through telling the judges what a time her Willie had with the scarlet fever when he was only two years old, it was time to close the polls and she had forgotten to deposit her ballot."

Sunday-School Department.

SCRIPTURE LESSONS.

APRIL 27. LESSON 17. 1879.

Second Sunday after Easter. John xx. 24-29.

THOMAS CONVINCED.

24. ¶ But Thomas, one of the twelve, called Didymus, was not with them when Jesus came. 25. The other disciples therefore said unto him, We have seen the Lord. But he said unto them, Except I shall see in his hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the print of the nails, and thrust my hand into his side, I will not believe. 26. ¶ And after eight days again his disciples were within, and Thomas with them: then came Jesus, the doors being shut, and stood in the midst, and said, Peace be unto you. 27. Then saith he to Thomas, Reach hither thy finger, and behold my hands; and reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into my side; and be not faithless, but believing. 28. And Thomas answered and said unto him, My Lord and my God. 29. Jesus saith unto him, Thomas, because thou hast seen me, thou hast believed: blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed.

COMMENTS.

We may call the scene of this lesson, Christ's manifestation to the eleven—the former presented but ten disciples. One apostle had yet to be convinced of the resurrection of Jesus. Thomas, he too must become a believer in this great fact, as an eyewitness, in order to bear competent testimony of a risen Christ. The incredulity of the early disciples; their tardiness to accept and confess the resurrection of Christ; their manifest doubt, even after they saw, touched and handled Him; all this was permitted of God for the benefit of the Christian faith in all ages. The weakness of men is overruled and converted into an impregnable strength. They left no difficulty unexplained, no proofs untried, no appearance of delusion unprobed, and fully exhausted the cause, in order to render themselves trust-worthy witnesses. How then can men still doubt their testimony, which would hold before any reasonable court or tribunal? The faith of believers rests on a foundation as well sustained and sure, as does the belief in the existence of a Napoleon or a Washington.

VERSE 24. THOMAS is a Hebrew name, of which DIDYMUS is the Greek. Both words mean "a twin." A certain Lydia is said to have been his twin sister. He was born at Antioch, and, after having preached the Gospel in Persia, or India, died a martyr there. In St. John's Gospel we must gather all the certain facts of his life. Three prominent traits of character are afforded us in this record:

1. His melancholy cast of mind. He was a ready subject to despondency, and generally inclined to look at the darker side. When our Lord spoke of facing the dangers awaiting Him in Judea, he said: "Let us also go that we may die with Him." (John xi. 16).

2. His ardent love for our Lord. He was willing to give up his life for him—expecting nothing less. His exclamation "My Lord and my God!" betrays a deeper appreciation of the Lord's character than any utterance of his brethren.

3. His tardiness to believe. It was his nature to feel his way along, amid difficulties. At the last supper he whithered in perplexity: "Lord, we know not whither thou goest, and how can we know the way?" (John xiv. 5). And it was doubtless owing to his discouraged state of heart, that he had not been at the meeting on Easter evening.

VERSE 25. It is very natural for the believing disciples to cry out, as a word of cheer for the despondent Thomas—as soon as they met him—"We have seen the Lord!" And it was just as natural for Thomas to doubt—not the veracity of his brethren—but their competency to decide against a self-imposition, delusion or mistake. He supposed them honest enough; but honestly in error. Still, they too, had doubted the correctness of the report of the holy women, and indeed their own senses. It was not until he had eaten with them; had been touched and handled, that they were convinced. Hence Thomas is determined to enjoy the same opportunities to inspect and examine. Print of the nails in his hands; finger into the print; thrust hand into his side. What a vivid picture the mind of Thomas must have retained of his Lord's lifeless form! If he was slow to believe, he was just as slow to forget or let go what he once had. The vehemence of his doubt he could not express in stronger language. And yet the conditions which he laid down, as necessary to his conviction, were very much like unto those which the Lord had volunteered to the other disciples. (Luke xxiv. 39. John xx. 20). What he claimed, then, ought to have been afforded him, in order to place him on a level with his brethren. It was doubtless ordered of God that all the Apostles should be "eye-witnesses of his majesty." (2 Pet. i. 16; 1 John i. 1, 4). Had Thomas, therefore, merely demanded such outward evidences as he mentioned, in order to render him a competent witness to Christ's resurrection as an Apostle, his error would not appear. But Thomas was in error, nevertheless. He seemed, first, to think such an outward demonstration to be the only ground of faith in the resurrection of Christ. And, secondly, he seemed to imply, that, as a mere follower of Jesus, it became him to see, in order to believe. Now, whatever was to be vouchsafed to him, as an Apostle—as an original witness bearer; as a believer or Christian man, the seeing, touching, and handling was not required. He had yet to learn of a higher and nobler order of faith, that comes not to the eye or vision, but by the ear, through the still small voice of the Spirit; that saving faith is the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen." (Heb. xi. 1). And first that faith had to come to Thomas, subsequently, by another way—even as it comes to all true believers.

He was wrong, then, in laying it down, as a universal law, that a seeing, touching, handling must first be, ere the Christian can entertain faith. And hence our Lord corrects him, as we shall see.

VERSE 26. This meeting was just one week after Easter. The observance of the first day of the week, so early, already, is a strong argument for the Christian Sunday. The early Christians observed both the last day of the week—the Jewish Sabbath, or our Saturday—and the first—the Lord's day, in honor of His resurrection. Gradually, however, the Christian Sunday supplanted the Jewish Sabbath. And although there is no direct command, that the first day of the week shall be celebrated, instead of the last, yet the example of the early disciples is a sufficient argument, and speaks louder than any words could.

Their example is an eloquent commentary on our Lord's saying—"Therefore the Son of man is Lord also of the Sabbath." (Mark ii. 28; Luke vi. 5). Before this prophecy and its fulfillment to the early Christians, all Seventh Day theories must fall to the ground.

VERSE 27. Here we see how the Lord complied with all the conditions laid down by Thomas. It was an adorable condescension on the part of our amiable Lord. We are not told, though, that Thomas obeyed our Lord's challenge. Perhaps he tremblingly did Faithless—believing. Thomas had not been unbelieving towards our Lord's being and previous history, but he doubted merely concerning His resurrection, and visibleness in the body.

VERSE 28. As this manifestation was for the special accommodation and benefit of Thomas, the effect was immediate and complete. My Lord and my God. This is a full confession of our Lord's divinity, and not a mere cry of surprise and admiration. His vision may have convinced him as to our Lord's body; but to recognize His divinity, some higher power must have wrought in his spirit.

VERSE 29. Seeing—believing; not seeing—yet believing. The moral of this whole narrative is summed up in this saying of Jesus. 1. It teaches us that there is a faith which results from sight. This order of faith all the apostles attained first. It was necessary for them to obtain it in this way, in order to qualify them to act as competent witnesses of Christ's resurrection, for all coming ages. But even the Apostles rose to the enjoyment of a higher order of faith, subsequently. 2. It teaches us that a saving faith is generated in the soul of man by the power of God's Spirit. And this is the only kind that rendered the Apostles "blessed"—that is saved. It is the only faith that renders us "blessed"—saved. (1 Pet. i. 8; Rom. viii. 24, 25). Had Thomas not risen to this grander order of faith, even he would be a lost Apostle—perhaps gone with Judas to his own place. St. Paul tells us something about this lower and higher order of faith—"And though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing." (1 Cor. xiii. 2).

PRACTICAL THOUGHTS. 1. The Gospel rests on the testimony of competent witnesses, just as any other true history does. 2. To believe the Gospel simply because we have it on the word of such witnesses is not yet a saving faith. This is called a historical faith. 3. The faith which renders us blessed, or saved, comes by the power of the Spirit. (Rom. x. 17).

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Arr. Carlisle...	9:00	2:35	5:15	10:10
" Chambersburg...	10:30	4:00	6:45	
" Hagerstown...	11:30	5:00		
" Martinsburg...	12:50	6:20		

DOWN TRAINS.

Lve. Martinsburg...	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
" Hagerstown...	7:00	8:15	3:25	
" Chambersburg...	8:00	9:15	4:35	
" Carlisle...	9:00	10:15	5:45	
Arr. Harrisburg...	10:00	11:15	6:50	

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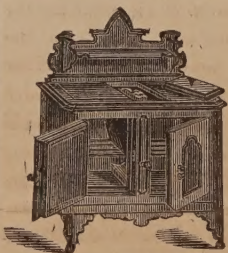
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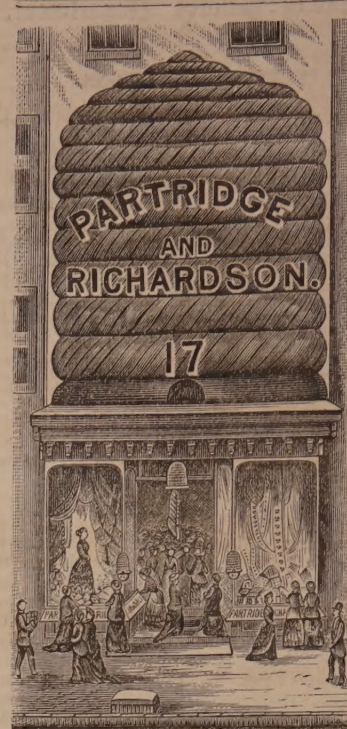
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